Was Fond of Relating.

Romantic Story of an Ex-Queen Who Is to Visit Us.

make short work of a woman General.

Ministers were unable to comprehend. Finally, in 1873, the storm broke, Russia

poured her troops into central Asia, Khiva fell and Gen. Tschandyr overran the coun-

ry of Queen Alice. Gallantly she led forth her army against

Gallantly she led forth her army against the invaders, but the unequal and hopeless struggle was soon over. Alice retired to her palace, and, clad in her royal robes and seated on her throne, awaited the coming of her conqueror. Deeply impressed by her beauty, her romantic history, her misfortune and her dignity. Gen. Tschandyr

isfortune and her dignity, Gen. Tschandyr

At first she was allowed to remain on

her throne under Russian tutelage, but this was galling to her, and there was danger

to the Russians as long as Alice Clifton held even the semblance of power. Event-ually the great house in Orenburg and a

liberal pension were given her on condition that she leave Turkestan forever.

Some of the native rulers overthrown

by the Russians in their Central Asian con-quests were treated with scant considera-

on, and others met with most unpleasant

This is the little old woman of Orenburg.

who holds an Oriental court in the biggest

ouse in town and has said that, despite

her years, she intends visiting the great world's fair to be held in this country next

MEXICAN SUPERSTITIONS.

Endless Songs of the Peons-A Wake-Be-

lief in Incantations.

Grande when you are crossing into Mexico

ou will never return. So believe all

good Mexicans, even as far down as the

Isthmus of Tehuantepec. The tradi ion

dates from the time of the explorations of

The Mexican peon believes in all sorts

of queer omens, and cherishes many super-

acts are due to some fancied occult wrong

When a Mexican peon dies all the other

peons on the plantation, men and women.

hold a wake over his corpse. The wake

Interminable songs are droned, while

learned heaven knows where, to suit every

ive and respectful audience, although

the songs are far from enlivening. A

literal translation of a couple of stanzas

o-morrow morning am going down to get water, am going down to give you my answer, selzed her hand,

The song meanders along through half

a tropical night, describing the vicissitudes

of the courtship, and every stanza ending

in the expression of fear of the maternal

tongue. The girlalternately trembles and

be reduced to a state of hysteria. But

after the first forty verses one ceases to

worry about the troubles of the girl in the

song and begins to wonder if he will survive

till the end without a fit of nervous pros-

The owner of the ranch is expected to

furrish cardles for the wake, and it is

explained to him that the soul of the de-

parted will return and haunt the spot where

he died unless his ghost is properly laid.

In some parts of Mexico the old Roman

custom of placing copper pennies on the

dead man's eves to pay for his ferriage

On a ranch in central Vera Cruza native

once broke his leg, and the ranch owner

set it for him, giving him an injection of

morphine in order to diminish his suffering

The peon floated ecstatically off to sleep,

and when he awoke he had forgotten all

He took one step on the injured leg and

naturally fell writhing in agony to the floor

of his hut. A native conjuror was called

and it exhausted all his powers of incan-

ation to exorcise the deceptive demon

njected by the white ranchero. As soon as ne native was able to hobble about, with a

badly twisted leg, he demonstrated his gratitude toward his employer who had been feeding and supporting him by trying to slip a knife into him,

The boatmen who pole the long heavy

native dug-outs slowly and laboriously up and down the swollen rivers are the hardiest and most dissolute members of the race, but they put themselves to infi-

nite trouble to propitiate the river gods, who snatch at their boats with long crooked

gnarled arms in the midst of the waters

All this is in curious contrast to their im-plicit faith in and obedience to the Catholic

believe in the power of their incantations and songs. There is one vaca song, or chant, which, it is declared, will cause a herd of several thousand cattle to follow

It is an impressive sight to see the chief vaquero riding along fifty feet ahead of an

immense herd of cattle on a long-legged, short-eared Arabian-bred horse, brandish-

ing a long pole, and chanting the intermin-

like a black Orpheus. The rumbling of the thousands of hoofs makes an impressive

minor accompaniment which sounds like distant thunder.

A haif dozen attendant vaqueros hang on

monody which charms the bullocks

the singer across hill and dale.

It is no wonder that the Mexican vaqueros

across the Stygian waters survives.

about his mishap.

oriests.

tration.

eries, till one begins to fear that she will

I was calling on a ranchera.

The poor girl
Did not expect me to propose.
I selzed her hand,

I seized her hand. She commenced to tremble. Let me go, here comes my mother. For fear that she will scold us.

occasion, and can always command an atten-

is a curious combination of impressive

ceremonies and conviviality.

stitions. Half of his so-called treacherous

Cortez.

done him.

you drink of the waters of the Ric

the had entered it—a Queen.

treated the fallen Queen with every courtesy

made him humbly sue for peace.

and thoroughly capable

d consideration.

Among the royalties, ex-royalties and other people of title who are expected to visit America next year during the Louisiana Purchase Exposition is the Maharanee Jar Mahomed Rao, a shrewd little woman of 62 with keen, bright eyes, who lives in Orenburg, Russia, where she holds Oriental court in the biggest house in town and is treated with respect by the officials of the Czar. The story of her life is like a fairy

Once she was pretty Alice Clifton, the daughter of a British soldier who served "John Company" in the cantonments at Delhi, in the old pre-mutiny days. Now she is a dethroned queen in exile, like her brothers and sisters in the right divine, the French Bourbons, the Hanoverian Guelphs, the Bonapartes and Ranavalona of the more ancient house of Madagascar.

As a child she played half-clad in the mud of the barrack yard in many an Indian station Then, one day, a bearded monarch covered with jewels reached down and lifted her from the mud to a shining throne and took her away beyond the Indus and over "The Roof of the World" to be a queen in a strange country.

That little old woman has reigned, an absolute monarch, over a turbulent people and carried life and death in her nod. She has let thousands to battle and inspired them is the heat of the conflict with her own is domitable courage.

Now the Czar, who holds her lands and people sends her all the money she needs from Ms treasury in St. Petersburg. And she receives the money, spending it right royally and pretending it is a tribute from a conquered Prince.

The romance of Alice Clifton's life, which is now anding so peacefully, began away back in 1841, when the East India Company ruled India and had an army of its own. Her father was an enlisted man in that army and was stationed at Delhi, where the Grand Mogul still sat on the peacock throne in his ancient capital. He was still Grand Mogul in name, but to see that he did not try to be so in fact "John Company" kept a garrison at Delhi.

Private Clifton lived in the married men's quarters, and his wife was known all over Delhi for her sprightliness, her good humor and her good looks. She was not only beautiful and sprightly, she was also very discreet. When Private Clifton got drunk she could handle him better than the guard, and she gave him strong tea the morning after, along with her curtain lecture.

Little Alice, her daughter, played abou with the other soldiers' children until one day, when she was barely 14, the whole cantonment discovered all at once that Private Clifton's girl was beautiful. And every day her beauty seemed to grow. Then one day all Delhi put on its gala

attire to welcome Jar Mahomed Rao Khan, the ruler of a central Asian Khanate far away beyond the mountains to the northwest, who was to visit the Grand Mogul. In the procession Mahomed Rao Khan rode alone upon a milk-white Arabian stallion, his saddle incrusted with gems and a great diamond star shining in the front of his tall Astrachan cap. He was a the singers meisten their throats in the middle-aged man, stern of appearance intervals, and become gradually more and

As he let his glance roam over the throng which lined the street he caught sight of Alice Clifton standing with a group of other children who had come from the cantonment to see the show. He looked at her steadily as he passed.

That evening Alice had a birthday party for which her mother made tea and cakes and told the children stories of English fields and English daisies. But Alice declared that English fields and daisies did not interest her, and that it would be stupid living in a place where one met nobody except white people all the time. She was born in India and wanted to stay there, and perhaps some day become a Ma harance and ride on an elephant with gilded tusks.

Even while they talked a rumor ran through the cantonment that an officer of the court was there with a message for Private Clifton from Mahomed Rao Khan saying that he wanted to marry the beautiful girl whom he had seen that day in the street as he passed along. Alice jumped for joy-the fairy prince

had come just as she had expected he would. But Private Clifton and his wife more not so enthusiastic.

Jar Mahomed Khan was a much married man already, and it was not seemly that the daughter of a British soldier should be one of the household of an Asiatic, prince and friend of the Grand Mogul though he was. So the negotiations took some

Finally, the Khan said that his other women were not real wives, but handmaidens after the style of David's comforters, and, at any rate, he would put them all away-pension them off and have but one wife thereafter, according to the custom of the white man, if the beautiful English girl would only become his queen.

The result of this declaration was apparent a few weeks later when Alice mar ried and departed in a litter with rosecolored curtains from Delhi, accompanied by her lord and a great cavalcade, passing across the snow mountains and beyond Bokhara into Turkestan, where she be

Not long afterward the great Sepoy Mutiny broke out, Private Clifton was killed in battle, and the Grand Mogul was tried in his own palace on a charge of trea-son against the English. Mrs. Clifton escaped after many perils and went home to live among the English fields and daisies on a liberal allowance sent her by her royal

or ten years Queen Alice reigned as the consort of Rao Khan and was intrusted by him with almost an equal share in the government. At the end of that time Jar Manoined slept with his fathers

and Alice Clifton had herself proclaimed sole and absolute ruler of the Khanate: There were aspiring ministers and near relations of Jar Mahomed who tried to dispute the throne with her, but Alice had learned the arts of Asiatic government and what happened to the ambitious ones who sought to contend with her is not recorded in history. But something definite

ce no more. Once firmly established as queen in her own right, Alice set about the work of a reform administration. She opened new caravan routes, built new bazaars

caravan routes, built new bazants and re-paired the old ones, and repealed bad laws and made good ones in their places.

She increased her drmy and tried to put it on a modern footing. She was the best soldier in her dominions, for was she not a child of the regiment, and of an Englis

The ruler of a neighboring Khanate went to war against her, thinking to

After Graduation Episodes in the Life of a Woman Who Managed Her Class in College.

OF MARIA

THE DIPLOMACY

The "old girls" who had come back to commencement had broken up into groups just as they used to do. Four of them, who were graduated in 1890, went down to the seashore for a little holiday away from husbands. They were all the sort of girls who marry early.

but Alice led her army against him in per-son, met him in a pitched battle and utterly They showed one another their clothe and took their hair down and discussed overthrew him and scattered his army. Then she annexed part of his territory and everybody and everything and felt young and happy. Each one had some news that the others greeted with interest.

In this battle she commanded with ad-mirable skill, ordering the disposition of "And what," asked the blonde, who had the troops and all their movements, and been the prettiest girl in her year, had taken once, when the outcome of the fight seemed doubtful, she headed a charge, which broke the enemy's lines and sent the hostile Khan fleeing from the field.

Whenever little rebellions broke out, honors and was now the wife of a millionaire-brains count in everything-"what became of Maria?'

whenever little rebellions broke out, as they did now and then, or the wandering tribes of the desert got too bold, Alice took the field with her army and scattered the tents of her enemies to the four winds of heaven. A traveller named DeCourcey, who visited her capital in 1868, describes Queen Alice as "dignified, shrewd and thoroughly capable." Maria lives on the lake front in Chicago and is a great club woman. She is Europe now. She is still Maria." "I never thought," said the gentle one "that Maria had much principle. But she certainly did manage the class. I wonder

if she manages her husband, and if he like

"Oh, Maria!" The tall, thin one laughed.

But to the north and the west of Turkestan a great cloud lay along the horizon—the ever-encroaching power of Russia. Still young and beautiful and a powerful Queen, Alice read in those clouds the com-"Precious little difference does it make t Maria!" remarked the stout one. "The only thing Maria ever thought of was her ing of the storm which should overwhelm her and her nation. The girl of the canton-ments could understand what her wisest

"She moves people around like chess men. Her poor father had a miserable time with her, I know. I heard once that he was engaged to a friend of Maria's but I suppose it was a mistake." "It was not a mistake." The tall one

laughed again. "I happen to know all "Maria's father was rather a sentimenta sort of man, and he had dreamed of the face was covered with a bristling beard home Maria was going to make for him of several days' growth. He was wearing home Maria was going to make for him when she finished college. She was an

brought her up. herself with any sort of care She upset all of her father's ways the first year and then went off to Europe and stayed for two then went off to Europe and stayed for two
years studying the prison systems. She
came home to discover that her father had
concluded to marry again and bring a
young wife home. He was not an unattractive man, and he was reported to be,
attractive man, and he was reported to be,
""But, General, you ought not to see
her without making an appropriate toilet."
"The grim old soldier took his pipe out

and was, very wealthy.

"The girl he was going to marry was ambitious and very gay and lively. She would have given the poor man the sort of life he had hoped to have with Maria. Naturally, this didn't fall in with Maria's plans and you know what have reconstructed. plans, and you know what happens under

'Almost any one would have expected her to make a tremendous fuss and probably her father had braced himself to bear that. But she didn't. She told the poor, innocent man that she thought he was very wise and she went to see the girl and told her she was 'very, very grateful' to her." "What did she mean by that?" the blonde

"That is what the prospective bride spent two or three days in wondering. Maria had said it with tears in her eyes. She had looked at her with the pity with which one looks at a nun about to leave for a leper

"The girl waited a few days and then she to see Maria and tried to discover what she did mean.

She gave the poor thing to understand that her father was a miserable creature hose highest pleasure was going to sleep after dinner and snoring, that he drank, that he had several diseases which would probably confine him to the house before long, and that he wanted a young healthy

"She insinuated that the girl was particularly good to do this, as her father's she thought of the grim and much-abused financial affairs were in such a condition that he might fail any day. She did not, that he might fail any day. She did not, the captivated!" she replied. "I have been at the captivated the she thought of the grim and much-abused ist, "told me that he had contracted the habit of brushing his head daily and six that times a day with a hard hair-

one wanted a life work; and if one were not very clever nor beautiful one must choose

of a typical song goes somewhat as follows: "The girl went home in a fury and broke the engagement that night, and Maria told her father how sorry she was." "Exactly like her," the stout one said.

"But didn't we hear some story about her husband?" Wasn't there some talk divorce?" the gentle one inquired. "There was. It was almost in the parers. Everybody knew it. But Maria didn't want a divorce. She liked her husband's But Maria

position and his appearance.

"It always seemed to me that she regarded her husband exactly as she did her horses. Maria was a handsome and still is, but everybody knows that simply picked out the man she wanted to

marry and married him.

"They say he fell in love with a woman in society, a widow, and wanted to divorce and marry her. They had been sweethearts before Maria came on the scene. Of course, it was all very terrible— or it would have been if the wife had been anybody but Maria."

"If my husband ever falls in love with other woman," the blonde said, "it will be I who will go after a divorce. said the gentle one.

"Maria was Maria. She heard some-thing. Then she had a heart to heart talk with her husband's typewriter.
"She told her that a relative of he vas annoying her husband with letters. she showed the typewriter some of the elatives' handwriting, and she begged er to abstract any more of these annov ng letters from the mail and give them o her. She took the typewriter to luncheon and bought her a chatelaine, and told her all about the half crazy relative who mortified her so. Of course, her hus-

t letters. "Then Maria asked the other woman's bosom friend to dinner. Anybody else would have asked the woman, but Maria is a psychologist. She knew that a woman will convince herself that she did not hear a disagreeable hint, but when it is elaborately explained by a friend she cannot

band never knew exactly what was in th

Maria brought the conversation around to married flirts. She said that most married men flirted, but that most of them told their wives all about their little affairs in this day. And then she told the comexperiences over to her for a novel she was writing, but that generally they so silly she couldn't use them.

"Now anybody might expect Maria to write a novel at any time. It is surprising she has not done so earlier. And everybody was interested and insisted upon having read a chapter after dinner She said she wouldn't do that, but she

would read some of the love letters her husband had given her, and they could see what poor literature the real thing was. Her husband knew that every letter he had received was ashes within two minutes, so he suspected nothing except some

new smartness of Maria's.

"She read the letters. They sounded pretty funny. Maria had had them typed and she had doctored them a little, too. Of course her husband laughed as much as anybody. They were no letters he had ever received.
"The besom friend, however, was in a

"The besom friend, however, was in a state of excitement.

"Did your husband give you those letters?" she asked Maria.

"Ask him," Maria said.

"And he, thinking he was carrying on an absurd joke, said, "Certainly."

"Will you give me the copy? They are so amusing," the bosom friend asked, and Maria gave it to her."

the outskirts of the herd with their lariets coiled on the high wooden pommels, covered with pigskin, of their Mexican saddles, ready to dash after any young and unim-pressionable yearling not under the charm of the chant, which may break away from Maria gave it to her."
"Well?" they asked in chorus. "Now, what go you think happened?" GEN. JACKSON'S MANNER. niscence Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnsto

"The late Harriet Lane Johnston," said New York woman who was an intimate friend of the former mistress of the White House, "having lived so long with her statesman uncle, James Buchanan, had many interesting reminiscences of '.m and his times. One of them which she was fond of relating was an incident told to her by Mr. Buchanan of the social career of Gen. Jackson while he was President. Mr. Buchanan was in the United States

"As Mrs Johnston related the incident, famous Baltimore lady, one of the leaders n society of that day and related to an English family of title and distinction, had spent a long time in England during Jackson's Administration, her family connections admitting her to the inner circles of aristocratic and royal society. George IV. was then King, and a short time before this lady left England to return to America she was presented to him. He confided to her a message to President Jackson which he requested her to deliver in person

senate at the time.

which he requested her to deliver in person.
"The reputation his political enemies had made for Jackson was such that the lady was most unfavorably impressed, never having met the rugged old soldier. In fact, the idea of 'Jacksonian vulgarity' was quite the popular one, and there were many stories of the General's offensive application of it in his social as well as business contact with visitors.

business contact with visitors.

"Consequently, this high-bred message-bearer from the King of England was very much disinclined to a personal interview with this President of boorish reputation, but, having undertaken to carry out the wishes of the King, she determined to under-go the trial, prepared to be greatly shocked at what she might see and hear. Being well acquainted with James Buchanan she begged him to accompany her on he mission and introduce her to the President "'My uncle escorted the lady to the White House,' Mrs. Johnston related merrily, 'and leaving her in the reception room he went to the President's room to arrange

" 'He found the President alone. His a dressing gown which was very much soiled and greatly the worse for past service.

for the interview.

only child and her mother died when she was very young, and her grandmother brought her up.

Solled and grand gran "But Maria had no intention of boring and elegant lady to the President of the United States in such attire and personal uncouthness seemed to him but little better than a national disgrace. He told the President about the distinguished woman

of his mouth, stretched himself to his full height, shot a flery look at his audacious social prompter from beneath his shaggy eyebrows and exclaimed, with some forceul adjuncts of language that may as well not be repeated "Buchanan, I knew a man once who

succeeded admirably in getting along simply by minding his own business!"

"He told my uncle to go back and wait with the lady and he would see her pres-Buchanan returned to reception room and awaited the President's ng in a torture of suspense.

"In a remarkably short time Gen. Jackson entered the room. He was neatly shaven and in plain but correct attire. A more courtly and dignified presence, my uncle said, could not well be imagined, and he was so astounded at the change in Jackson's appearance and manner that he almost forgot what he was there for.

"He introduced the lady, however and retired to await the termination o he had washed his head every morning the interview, which, from what she had said to him, he felt that she was eager to make as short as possible. He was, therefore, surprised when more than an hour had passed and she was still talking with the man she had dreaded to meet as one but little better than a wildeat.

"She appeared at last, escorted to the door by the President. Mr. Buchanan said

she was positively radiant. He handed her into her carriage, and asked her

"These were the things the girl was taking off her hands. And then she capped the whole by saying that she supposed every one wanted a life work; and if one were very large of the work; and if one were very large of manners could excelthey were so kind that my dread disap y clever nor beautiful one must choose humble task. And then she thanked I was captivated. It will never do for any ne to charge Gen. Jackson with vulgarity

in my presence, again!"

"'As long as my uncle lived,' Mrs. John ston was went to say, 'he delight d to relate which he did always with great relish, and particularly if it gave him opportunity to rebuke any ill-natured reference to Jacksonian vulgarity, what befell him and his apprehensive companion from that interview with Andrew Jackson." that interview with Andrew Jackson.

## WHEN TROOPS FIRE ON A CROWD The Transformation Wrought When the Smoke Clears Away.

"I haven't seen in print, as far as th crowd is concerned, just what happened after the troops fired on it, in Evansville, but," said a reminiscent man, "that incident brings to my mind the most remarkable transformation scene I ever saw, after the firing of troops on a crowd on another

"A marching civilian body was pro-ceeding along in the centre of a city street, with, for its protection, a line of soldiers marching on εach side of it, while the sidewalks were packed with accompanying, antagonistic crowds of people. A pistol shot or two were fired, somebody on a housetop threw something that hit one of the soldiers, the combined marching col-umn in the street halted, and the troops on the left of this combined column fronted and fired a volley into the dense crowd of people that had filled the walk on that side A moment later, when the smoke had lifted so that you could see, there wasn't any crowd on the walk at all; there wasn't anybody there; there was nothing there, except that here and there in the otherwise empty expanse lay the body of a dead man r of a man wounded, lying prone upon the sidewalk, at one angle or another to the line of the curb. The crowd which a mo-ment before had filled the sidewalk had disappeared a completely as though it had never been there.

"I suppose that is what must have hap-

pened at Evansville. I guess that is what always happens when troops fire into a

## The Woman Who Swims. From Macfadden's Magazine Swimming will do more to develop per

fect health in women than any other form of exercise. It develops the whole body symmetrically, loosens the joints, gives free action to the limbs. It increases the lung capacity, inducing deep breathing; straightas the frame, throwing the chest forward and the shoulders back. The woman who wims gains all this, and in the gaining has

the least hindrance to the motion of her body, she can move her arms or legs in any direction and bend the trunk freely. The direction and bend the trunk freely. The different methods of swimming, all of which she will learn in time, bring into use all the muscles of the legs and arms.

A swimmer soon learns deep breathing, as a deep breath will keep the body at the surface of the water without the extra effort required by the use of the legs and arms.

The positions of the swimmer at first seem strange to a woman; the disuse of certain muscles has descenerated them, and when she enters the water to swim she feels no inclination to use muscles which has not used since early childhood the muscles of her waist and abdomen. What she does try to do is to make the same restricted motions that she is forced to make ordinarily, the knees together and the little lerky strokes of the arms and legs. She soon sees the folly of this, however, and in time acquires the long, sweeping, graceful stroke of legs and arms which comes to the proficient swimmer by practice.

Who has ever watched the actions of a professional swimmer and noted the long sweep of the limbs, the recovery of the arms for the new stroke, and the wide powerful swing of the legs, without a desire to acquire a little skill and power, combined with a like tifferent methods of swimming, all of w

But where the electric needle is un-available and where there is neither op-Superfluous hair it must some cases than in others.

BEAUTY'S TOO DOWNY CHEEK.

A BLEMISH ON THE FACE AND THE METHODS OF CURING IT. The Tufted Upper Lip a Point of Beauty

in Spain if Not Here-Ways of Getting Ine pumice. The lip was first soaped and then the pumice was rubbed on until all Rid of Superfluous Hair-Lessons From the Case of Men Prematurely Bald. the hair was scrubbed off. The harpiness of many a woman has

Then a weak solution of peroxide of hydrogen with ammonia was applied. The result was a smooth-looking lip which remained smooth for a couple of weeks, at which time the hair struggled through been wrecked by superfluous hair upon the face. And this is not to be wondered at, for there is no other one blemish which so utterly destroys woman's beauty. It may be that in Castile the presence same experience. The hair returned within

of hair upon the face is not considered a fortnight. But after three or four months a blemish. But here it is regarded as to die out. It was tedious, but was nothnot only superfluous but positively ugly. ing compared with the shaving which the woman had undergone for twenty years. It makes a woman look masculine, it robs her face of the soft, pretty curves which distinguish her features from those then took some weak ammonia, not strong enough to blister, and applied it to the de-nuded spots. It smarted and some of the hair roots died. When the hair came in of a man, it utterly spoils the pink and white of her complexion, and it gives her a fierce, threatening look, where she should again, she used the tweezers again and again, always with weak ammonia after-ward, and within six months she had killed look sweet and gracious.

The women of Spain and of the other warm countries regard the slight downiness as something to be desired. In fact, in ome parts of the world, especially along the Mediterranean and in the Indian Ocean, the upper lip must be slightly tufted with hair or a woman is not considered pretty. The down shades the mouth, they think, and makes the lip more graceful in its line. Hair on the cheeks of a woman and the sides of the face is positively dignified.

and cheaply, too. But cases are different and that which will remove it from one woman's face will not remove it from the face of another woman. But there is a remedy for each and every one.

As to facial blemishes, electricity will do great things. It will relieve to the cheaks. ore the problem of getting rid of superfluous hair is sometimes very pressing. great things. It will plump out the cheeks, and for this there comes a little electric plumper for the cheeks. Electricity will There is a story told of an heiress, a gir very rich in her own right and worth her also take out wrinkles if applied with the little wrinkle roller. Electricity will plump out the hollows in the neck and throat if they are treated with the electric plumper. millions in diamonds, sables, laces and ceramics, as well as in money, who had the misfortune to be afflicted with a growth

But the Mediterranean is not the Atlantic,

and different standards obtain here. There-

of hair upon her upper lip. In vain this young woman applied depilaories, in vain she sought the services of the electric needle, in vain she scrubbed with this kind of sand and that kind of pumice, for the more she did to kill it the coarser and more bristling did the hair grow. It was a lesson apparently in fatality

until finally she was led into shaving. Each day of her life and sometimes twice a day a maid, who had learned barbering. went over her upper lip. It was a terrible state of affairs, but the young woman had no alternative.

One day a specialist came to her, a man who made a business of causing hair to grow upon bald heads as well as of taking away from upper lips "My young lady," said he, "you are doing

ust the right thing, or almost the right thing. Keep on and your hair will die "There is nothing," continued he, "that will kill the roots of hair like abuse. The more you abuse your hair the sooner it

will die. "I do not understand," said the young voman "Abuse your hair and it will die like any-

thing else that is abused," said the hair specialist. And then he went on to give examples "Men get hald," said he, "because they abuse the roots of the hair. I was called to see a man vesterday who told me that

for twenty years, going over it with hot water when he washed his face in the morn-"He had washed all the natural oil out of he roots every morning for twenty years. And yet he could not understand why he was getting bald. Of course having no

natural oil the roots of the hair died out and hald spots were coming fast. ist, "told me that he had contracted the published in 1894, he showed that the Biblical

brush. It had become second nature with him to use the hairbrush upon his hair. "He kept the brush in a little rack in his office, and before putting on his hat, or when taking his hat off, he would pull out the brush and go over his head with it.

'The roots of the hair were all torn and the hair was becoming so thin that, inside of a few months, he would have no hair to brush.

"But that is nothing. Another man told me that he had shampooed his head daily period. with some kind of preparation for weeks and had brushed it forty strokes night and morning. Besides this he had had it singed frequently and had used a tonic upon it Between times he had had it massaged. "Now if ever a man does everything to rid himself of hair it is the man who is sham-

pooed daily, uses his hairbrush often, singes frequently and does his head with a tonic n between times. "My first and best advice to all of these men is to let the hair alone. Don't touch it, comb it as little as possible, and if it is very weak and thin, comb it with the fingers. Don't brush it. Don't put anything upon don't rasp the scalp, don't massage it, on't do snything at all to it, just let it alone. "If the hair is very dry it can have a little

"If the hair is very dry it can have a little oily tonic massaged into the roots and this will sometimes arrest falling hair, but otherwise let it alone. Even after a fever do not cut it off. The latest theory for the heads of typhoid patients is that the hair shall be left on the head, and not cut, nor shall the roots be disturbed in any other way."

The woman who has superfluous hair growing upon her face can learn a lesson from the bald man. The very methods from the bald man. The very methods which a man employs to kill the hair upon his head will work in her case to kill the

hair upon her face.

She can kill the hair on her upper lip without much trouble. But she must keep at it, slowly, but surely.

If a woman could shampoo her upper lip with some mixture every day, could brush it a dozen times a day with a rasping hairbrush, if she could maltreat

her upper lip as a man maltreats the top of his head, her lip would be free from hair in a short time. In trying to rid her lip of hair she must try and try, and keep on trying. Don't give up after a few efforts, but keep at it. Cutting will not do it, neither will pulling out the hairs, neither will any other but a combination of these

things will undoubtedly free the lip from The best method of all is the electric needle, but this is expensive. Still it is worth the while. The electric needle is long and sharp and it strikes to the root of the hair. In the hands of the skilful operator it is a good thing, the best of any,

or it kills the root at once The method employed is to jab the needle into the skin, then to turn on the electricity for a slight shock. The electricity is then turned off and the needle is pulled out. The hair comes with it.

But if the operator is not skilful the needle will not strike the root of the hair. but will glance aside from it, with the result that the hair speedily grows again. In such a case as this the patient has all the suffering for nothing. The pain, however, is not a serious matter, being only that of a rigorous matter, being only that of a vigorous pin prick.

portunity nor money for it, then methods must be employed. And are several others that are very good. bered, is like any other physical peculiarity The treatment it requires is not the same in all cases. The texture of the hair is different, and the roots are stronger in

A certain pretty young woman had a facial blemish which marred the upper part of her face. Her eyebrows, which were rather heavy, met over her nose. Her face, which was soft in expression around the nose and chin, was thus made

to have a flerce aspect, while her forehead and eyes looked positively scowling.

The blemish so annoyed her that she sought a specialist and had the needle applied. The specialist worked days and days over those eyebrows, finally removing the hair and making a pretty arch which was a delight to the young woman, to the young woman's mirror and to her friends. Hair on the upper lip has been known to come off with the application of fine pumice. The lip was first soaped and UTAH SHOWS HER OLD FOLKS

of this kind of work the hair roots seems

Another woman took some very coarse

Little New Found by Prof. Haupt in His

Lecture Before the Kalser.

Prof. Paul Haupt, director of the Oriental

eminary at Johns Hopkins, says in the

latest of the Johns Hopkins University

circulars that if Prof. Delitzsch of Berlin

had not delivered one of his two lectures

on "Babel and Bible" in the presence of

the German Emperor it would scarcely

More than twenty years ago Delitzsch

delivered a lecture on the "Location of

Paradise" which contained perhaps just

as much that was new and revolutionary

from the traditional point of view as his

recent lecture on "Babel and Bible." but

the German Emperor was not present,

did not command a repetition of the lecture

at the imperial palace and did not deem

it necessary to define his faith in an open

letter. Delitzsch's "Ex Oriente Lux." writ-

ten five years ago, did not stir up a sensa-

tion, though he plainly pointed out that the

Prof. Haupt is therefore of the opinion

that the race is not to the swift, nor the

battle to the strong, but that everything

depends on time and chance. He says

derived from Babylonian sources is not

novel. Delitzsch's views expressed in his

recent lectures do not differ materially

from the opinions entertained by com-

Prof. Haupt points out that twenty-four

years ago he himself wrote that the early

narratives of Genesis were paralleled by

the cuneiform accounts of the Creation

the Fall of Man, the Deluge and Nimrod.

In his lecture on the "Location of Paradise

story of the Garden of Eden was derived

ancient Babylonians Paradise was situated,

not at the head of four rivers, as we find

in the Biblical description, but at the mouth

according to the Babylonian conception,

are still extant, though they no longer

empty separately into the Persian Gulf.

as was the case during the Babylonian

When the paragraph describing the loca-

tion of Paradise was inserted in the second

chapter of Genesis at the time of the Baby-

lonian captivity, the Garden of Eden was

transferred from the mouth to the head of

the rivers because, according to the ideas

Prof. Haupt is of the belief that modern

Biblical research cannot possibly disturb

the foundations of Christianity. What it is

endeavoring to do is to reconstruct the

Scriptures as nearly as possible as they

left the hands of the inspired writers, sepa-

rating the human additions from the Divine

The saving truths, he says, that are de-

clared in the sacred Scriptures cannot be

affected by any legitimate research and no

Christian investigator need be afraid of

GOOD-BY TO THE HANDLUNGS.

A Feature of the German Quarters in New

York Fast Disappearing.

It will not be very long, at the prese

rate of their disappearance, before "hand-

lungs" will become the subject of the rem-

A "handlung." or, more properly, a wein-

handlung, is a store on the first floor of a

building in a German part of town devoted

to the sale of imported and domestic Rhine

trade as Ohio or Missouri Rhine wines.

The mark of the weinhandlung has in-

variably been the green wire shades in

the windows, with hills and vineyards

To the weinhandlung at noon and again

Germans or German-Americans betook

themselves and spent a pleasant hour after

luncheon or a couple of pleasant hours at

night playing cards and drinking Rhine

wine. They were, and they are, sober-

minded, thrifty and prosperous persons,

recognizing no fellowship with the beer-

drinking, card-playing Germans who affect

the stubes, but holding themselves aloof,

as aristocratic customers, on terms of social

friendship with the proprietor, and allowed

by him as one of the prerogatives of their

With the increase in the liquor tax, the

liminution of immigration from Germany,

the scattering of German residents in New

York and the consequent breaking up of German colonies, the weinhandlungs, no longer profitable, and with decreasing pat-

as to cause them to frequent wein-

handlungs.
Only a few of these essentially German

going fast in New York.

establishments now remain and they are

patronage to reserve certain tables or seats

at tables.

night old-fashioned and well-to-do

traced upon them in yellow lines.

wines-the latter being better known to the

iniscences of old New Yorkers.

the consequences of his researches.

of the Hebrews at that time, God dwelt in

the north.

original.

of the four rivers Euphrates, Tigris, Kerkha

According to the primitive view of the

petent Biblical scholars during the last

idea that a great deal in the Bible is

Old Testament contained a great deal de-

rived from Babylonian sources

twenty-five years.

from Babylonian sources.

have attracted such widespread attention.

hairs off her chin with the tweezers

GATHERING THAT IS CALLED A WORLD BEATER.

There Were \$13 Men and Women Whose Ages Were 63,414 Years-They Have 48,780 Descendants-Recipe for Lon-

gevity-Most of Them Mornion Ploneers SALT LAKE CITY, July 11 .- A remarkable gathering attended the reunion of the old folks of the Mormon Church just held at American Fork. In it were 813 persons,

whose combined ages aggregated 63,414 years. Of the old folks present forty-one are more than 90, 153 are between 80 and 90.

and 617 are between 70 and 80. These 813 old folks taye 48,780 descendants in Utan and the adjuning States. "Do not drink intoxicants, never go to excess in anything, live in the open air and lead a godly life," that is the recipe

for longevity as it was prepared by these wonderful old people. "There never was such a gathering as this," declared John S. Smith of Kaysville.

the oldest person in the assemblage. "It s without a parallel in history, and there is not a person here who is not good for twenty years more. Mr. Smith is 95. He is certainly the young-

There come salve sticks that take the hair off. But they bring the tears at the same time. The salve stick is heated, clapped on the spot while hot, and held there. It is then pulled away, bringing the hair with it. This is not soothing, but it is very effective. Only the hair est old man that ever went out on an old people's excursion. grows again.
Superfluous hair can always be removed He might easily pass for 75 or even 70. He is tall and erect, and with the exception

> of a slight deafness in his left ear has possession of all his faculties. He is one of the most successful farmers of Davis county He still manages his own farm of about our hundred acres. Recently he was thrown out of his buggy and seriously injured. He did not make much of that,

nowever, and is now as sound as ever "It was my own fault," said Mr. Smith in talking of his accident. "I got into the ouggy without picking up the lines before PROF. DELITZSCH CRITICISED I got in. The horse started off and the lines slipped down around his feet. He was a young, spirited horse, and he ran away

and dumped me out.' Mr. Smith started from Nauvoo with the pioneers. He was taken ill at Council Bluffs and consequently did not reach Utah until Oct. 5, 1850, three years after the pioneers settled in the Great Salt Lake Valley.

That winter he lived in Salt Lake City, and the following spring he moved to Draper and took up a small farm and orchard He married Jane Wadley in England in 1838, and they had eleven children-four sons and seven daughters. Two of the sons and two of the daughters are dead. Mr. Smith has given all his attention to

his business of farming, and has never bothered his head with politics. The only public office he ever held was that of school trustee, and that was in the early days of Kaysville. He went to Echo with the Mormon army when Gen. Johnston invaded Utah. The oldest woman was Mrs. Cordelia

Carter of East Bountiful. She was 94 on Feb. 17. She was born in Vermont. Her husband had four wives. Mrs. Carter. who was the first, never bore any children. The Carters came to Salt Lake in 1850

and went on at once to Bountiful, where Mr. Carter died fifteen years ago. He was a farmer and planted the first orchard in Bountiful. Mrs. Phoebe Atkinson, one of the women

who wore the white badge indicative of having passed her ninetieth year, was 93 last October. She is a resident of East Bountiful. She came from New Brunswick to Salt Lake in 1853. Her husband. William Atkinson, died on Aug. 12, 1878. There are five generations of the At-

kinson family living in Bountiful. Mrs. Atkinson has fifteen children, seventyseven grandchildren, 252 great-grandchildren and twenty-three great-great-grandchildren. She was president of the woman's relief society in South Bountiful for fifteen years,

and a teacher in the same society for fifteen years in East Bountiful. Mrs. Atkinson has been a hard-working woman. and Karoon, which all emptied into the For fifteen summers she was forewoman Persian Gulf. The four rivers of Paradise, of a dairy at Bountiful. Mrs. Samantha Willey of East Bountiful is 92. Her husband, Jeremiah Willey, who

died thirty-three years ago, was one of the old Mormon battalion. He went to Cali-fornia as a member of the battalion and returned to Fort Laramie as one of Gen.
Kearny's guards.
Here he was discharged from the army and went back to Iowa for his wife. They came to Utah in 1851 and settled in Bounti-

ful. Mr. Willey took up a small farm, which he enlarged from time to time. His five sons live on it now. Mrs. Susan Green, aged 86, was another

notable figure at the gathering. She is the widow of John Green, who died in 1886, and a resident of Layton. She has fifteen children and 128 grandchildren. The Greens emigrated to Salt Lake in 1848, the year after the coming of the

pioneers, and went right on to Kaysville. Mr. Green owned quite a large farm, which was divided among his fifteen children. Mrs. Ruth Talbot of Layton, aged 85, is the widow of Henry Talbot, a farmer of that district, who died two years ago. The Talbots came to Utah in 1876 from The Talbots came to Utah in 1850 from Africa. They were both natives of England and Mrs. Talbot was but 2 years old when her parents emigrated to South Africa. Mrs. Talbot has eighty-two grandchil-

Another very old man is Benjamin James Beers of Salt Lake. He lacks two months of being 93. He was born in London. He sailed from Liverpool to Boston in 1856, on the sailing vessel Horizon.

He has had six wives, but only three children. He joined the Mormon Church in England six months before Joseph Smi was killed.

When he came to Salt Lake the Bis

of the ward sent him to Provo. While driving a wagon with a team of oxen there ne slipped and was run over by his wagot The surgeon did a very poor job on live lacerated shoulder blace and the old may has a very perceptible eleft in that bone to day. After he got well he went to work for Edward May 1.

has a very perceptible cell in the day. After he got well he went to work for Edward Martin, a painter, and continued in his employ till Martin died.

Mr. Beers's wife died a year after he came to Utah. During the Johnston trouble he was put on guard when the women and children were sent out of Salt Lake City with the recysions. with the provisions.

He says that they called the city the sec-

ond Moscow, for Brigham Young had at-ranged that all the houses in the city could be set afire simultaneously if Johnston courmenced an attack. The signal was to the firing of a small cannon behind the tithing office. Every one of these old folks crossed the

clains in ox wagons when Indians we he warpath. At the reunion they ate 60 bushels green peas, 300 chickens, 250 pounds of ha 20 bushels of new potatoes, 10 bushels cherries, 100 large cakes, 500 looves bread and the proper "trimmings

## From the Detroit News-Tribine

Robert Henri, the well-known po old the other day a striking story the Philadelphia physician, Dr. W. W. Ker

ronage, have, one after another, gone out of business. Connoisseurs in Rhine wines are few and they find their wants supplied t the German clubs. Patrons of the heaper brands get them in the larger beer saloons, and, among Americans, there has never been any such liking for Rhine wines

the Philadelphia physician, Dr. W. W. Keen.
An artist was escorting Dr. Keen throadan exhibition of pictures. Before the trait of a man of middle age the physicial stopped.
"Do you know this man?" he asked.
"I believe," the artist answered, "that it was a Mr. So-and-So."
"Is he dend?"
"Yes. He has been dead almost two years.
"Well," said Dr. Keen, "I would wiger that he died of heart disease."
The artist, struck by a skill that could find material for diagnosis in a picture, inquired into the death of the portrait's original, and found that the man had indeed died of heart disease the winter before.

"Bani and the cular c Miss the pat The work is incipie stress i forms and the Miss experie Last fe

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